

CHATS WORTH IMITATED.

A Heavily Loaded Freight Train
Dashes Into a Train of
Passenger Cars.An Overturned Stove Sets Fire
to the Wreck and Causes
Loss of Life.Unseen Signals—A Broken En-
gine—Details of the Wreck—
An Officer's Statement.

Koute, Ind., October 11.—The recent frightful disaster at Chatsworth, Ill., was practically duplicated near here last night, with all the horror of a dark night, loss of many lives and utter impossibility of giving due attention to those who were injured. Erie Express No. 12 pulled out of the Polk Street Depot, Chicago, on the Chicago and Atlantic road, at 7:45 o'clock last evening. Conductor Parks was in charge, and Engineer Conner and Fireman Willets were in the locomotive. The train was made up of two Pullman sleepers, a day coach and a fruit car, and a baggage car. The night was dark and misty, and the rails were slippery. The train had been out of Chicago but a few moments when Engineer Conner discovered that his engine had broken her eccentric strap. As this mishap is of frequent occurrence, the conductor continued on his trip by working one side of his locomotive. The mishap lessened the speed of the train to such an extent that when it swept by Boone Grove, a dismal prairie station five miles west of this place, it was two hours late. While the crippled passenger train was running through this bleak strip of country, a heavy refrigerator train, with tons of fresh meat packed in its long line of cars, was thundering along at a great speed a few miles behind.

A DISREGARDED WARNING.

John Dorsey was the engineer of the freight train, and it is said he orders to look out for the passenger train. After passing Boone Grove Engineer Conner stopped his train at a water tank two and one-half miles west of the village, or midway between here and Boone Grove. As soon as he had leaped from his engine he threw up the distant semaphore lamp, nearly half a mile in his rear. This was to warn the freight that the passenger had stopped for water. He had not been at the tank more than two minutes when he heard the freight thundering behind. The grade at this point is very steep, and with slippery rails a heavy train runs at a furious rate. It was too late to warn the train, which was coming at a tremendous speed. Engineer Dorsey had failed to see the big red semaphore light, and his locomotive tore through the mist and fog until it crashed into the rear Pullman coach.

Before the collision occurred Dorsey and his fireman saw the lamps burning on the doomed express train, but it was too late to avert the disaster. The two men leaped from their cab and then the crash came. The engine of the freight plunged so far into the rear Pullman that its upper works dropped off in the center of the coach, which was reduced to splinters. The platforms of every car were torn away, and thus wrecked. The ends of each coach were broken like egg-shells. The cars of the freight train were hurled in every direction. The upper works of this engine were torn away, the tender thrown across the track, and piled up for twenty rods about the prairie were hundreds of pounds of meat.

THE WRECK ON FIRE.

There were Baker improved heaters on the express train, but notwithstanding this supposed improvement over the deadly stove, the coals in the heater quickly set fire to the upholstery of the rear Pullman, and in five minutes a flame, which at first was scarcely larger than a ribbon, spread into a brisk blaze and soon enveloped the shattered coaches and their screaming occupants. The light from the fire illuminated the sky for miles around, and startled the farmers who had not yet gone to bed. Through the rain and mud the rescuers came. Meantime the crews of both trains, who had escaped with but slight injuries, were hard at work dragging the helpless passengers from their blazing prisons. Nearly all were found to have been hurled to the front ends of the coaches, where they were pushed and crushed by the heavy timbers and iron of the platforms.

One man, the head of a Bohemian family, lay between the baggage and the day coach. A brake rod had been driven through his neck, and thus impaled he perished, while his family lay writhing in frightful agony beside him. The fire burned with the appalling rapidity of all railroad fires. Re-enforced by the farmers and their sturdy boys, the trainmen set about their work with a will. There was water close at hand, and painful after painful was dashed into the crackling mass.

The railroad officials claim that there were but twenty passengers on the train, but the men who stood about the wreck declared that the screams and appeals for mercy came from double that number of human beings. The Pullmans, although the first to receive the shock, did not leave the track, but burned where they stood. So far as known, not a life was lost in these coaches. There were but few persons in the berths, and although all were hurled one upon the other, all escaped through the windows before the flames burst through the flooring.

SUPT. PARSONS' STATEMENT.

Supt. Parsons, of the Chicago and Atlantic, was seen late in the afternoon gloomily pacing the station platform. He was extremely taciturn, and was very sure that no bodies could be found under the wreck. Only nine persons had been killed, he declared, and not more than eleven or twelve hurt, none of the latter seriously. He admitted that no flames had been sent back from the passenger train when a stop was made. Mr. Parsons said the train men depended upon a semaphore light fully 2000 feet in the rear of where the stop was made. The conductor of the train had pulled the cord for this light when he stepped from his train. This

would throw the glare of a red danger signal on the track. The night, however, was foggy, and the engineer of the fast freight must have failed to see the signal. Supt. Parsons thought the accident would have been a very ordinary one had not the stove in the sleeper upset. That caused the destruction of the sleeper, two coaches and baggage car, and in the main was doubtless the cause of the loss of life. Coroner Leatherman, Mr. Parsons said, reached the scene from Valparaiso about 11:30 a. m., and after viewing the debris and making some inquiries had found it necessary to go to Huntington in search of witnesses. The wounded, Mr. Parsons explained, had been taken there as early as possible, and the passengers who were unhurt, to the number of twenty-five, had been forwarded to their destinations without delay.

THE KNOWN DEAD AND INJURED.

So far as can be learned the following persons lost their lives:
Dr. Edward Perry, of North Judson, auditor of Stark county.
Mrs. Dr. Edward Perry.
Ada Grace Perry.
Charles Miller, of Dundee, Ill.
Lena Miller.
Minnie Miller.
An unknown Irish lady, burned beyond recognition.
An unknown man of large build and clean shaven.
The fatally injured are:
Herman Miller, of Dundee.
An unknown man, who has left for his home.
The rest of the wounded left Koute early this morning and their names can not be learned.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

In the little sitting room of the cottage which serves as hotel in this town, two of the wounded survivors of the accident still remained late this afternoon. Herman Miller, a Bohemian boy, on his way from Dundee, Ill., to the old country, is stretched on the one lounge in the low, dark room. His head is fearfully battered and his right leg fractured. The other wounded man is Joseph McCool, a bar-tender of Boston, who, had he not been a passenger on the fatal train, would have been welcomed in Chicago by his relatives, whom he has not seen for years. His injuries are for the most part internal, and are not so severe but that his recovery is possible. He was able to tell of the awful occurrence as follows: "I was in the passenger coach which was the next to the last car in the train. Just before midnight I went into the smoker, which was just ahead of our car, and chatted for an hour, and came back to the coach with a young man, who sat down near me. That is the last I've seen or expect to see of the poor fellow. Just as I had stretched myself out to go to sleep, and just before I closed my eyes, there was an awful crash, which, God help me, I never want to hear again. I could feel myself thrown violently toward the top of the car, and then I became insensible. On the way up I realized that all was confusion in the car, that canes, valises and rods of iron were in the air about me. I must have regained consciousness in a very short time, for when I awoke all was darkness in the car, and horrible shrieks and piercing wails of agony almost deafened my ears. In the bed of the car furthest from me the stove was overturned and the flames were just starting to spread with magic rapidity. There was some sort of a new gas lamp in the car with reservoirs reaching from one to the other. The flames leaped up the sides, and in less time than I can tell it the gas was burning the whole length of the coach over our heads. I was wedged in between two seats, where I could not move a limb of my body, and there watched the fire slowly creep upon me. It was a terrible sight. In the end of the coach near the fire I could see a lady caught between the seats as I was. The fire slowly crept across the car; she was soon enveloped in flames, and then in agony she burned before my eyes. Just across from my seat I noticed soon before the accident a father, his wife and daughter. I saw them, also, crushed together and burned. Just as the flames were blazing a foot or two away from me a man pulled me into the aisle and said, 'Come to the window.' He must have mistaken me for some one else, for the moment he had looked closely at my face he dropped me and hurried through the window with an exclamation of evident disappointment. I then painfully crawled after him in safety."

BLEW OUT THE GAS.

A Countryman's Experience in a
St. Louis Hotel—Danger-
ous Fall—That Pan-
cake.

St. Louis, Oct. 13.—H. S. Wilson, of Aurora, Mo., after making a night of it, returned to his room at Hotel Barnum yesterday morning in rather bad condition. He lit the gas in his room, then blew out the gas before throwing his tired body on the bed. He was discovered in time to save his life. Two men with mops and buckets of water accomplished the feat.

FELL WHILE DRUNK.

At 6:30 last evening Sarah Douglas, a dissipated drunkard, 50 years of age, with no certain place of abode, was found lying on the sidewalk in front of 613 Wash street, under the influence of liquor, with a gas on the top of her head about 5 inches long, penetrating to the skull. At the city dispensary it was pronounced not dangerous, and she was sent to the city hospital. She had probably fallen against the curbstone.

"PANCAKE ANNIE."

Annie Knox, the alleged thrower of a pancake at Mrs. Cleveland, had her case continued until to-day, and an attachment was ordered issued for P. J. Lanham, Jr., one of the prosecuting witnesses.

—The well known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

REFORM PARTY.

Meeting to Consolidate all Labor
and Reform Parties into
One Vast Body.Candidates for President and
Vice-president Already
in the Field.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 13.—[Special.]—The National Industrial Reform Convention held its opening session here this morning, and a much larger number of delegates in attendance than was expected, although Springfield is able to accommodate them all. S. E. Booth, the chairman of the American Reform party, has had his headquarters here for some time past, and ample preparations have been made for the accommodation of the delegates in attendance.

AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION

has spread about that the convention was simply an irresponsible body, appointed by nobody in particular, and whose sole purpose was to try to rekindle the dead and buried elements of the know-nothing party into some semblance of a renewed political activity. Chairman Booth states that the aim of the convention will be to lay the foundation for the consolidation of all the labor and reform organizations in a national party for

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1888.

"So far as I know," Mr. Booth said, "nearly all the reform parties represent some good principles which all the others would accept, and these can be made the basis of a national party. The matters on which we cannot agree may be judiciously relegated to the state and local organizations, thus allowing all reformers to retain all their principles in a local way, and still not interfere with the national organization."

The following have been chosen as the nominees of the party:

FOR PRESIDENT.

A. J. Streeter, of Illinois.
John Colvin, of Moline, Kansas.
John S. Bender, of Plymouth.
Edward S. Evans, of Tonawanda, N. Y.
A. M. West, of Mississippi.

FOR THE SECOND PLACE.

Terace V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman, of the Knights of Labor, of Philadelphia.
Gen. William Brindle, of Gloucester City, N. J.
George W. Ladd, of Bangor, Me.
Henry George, of New York.

RARE AND RACY.

A Fond Youth and Fair Maid Cre-
ate a Little Sensation by
Eloping at Rich Hill.

Herald, 10th.

Perhaps a year ago—mayhap not so long as that—a young man claiming to hail from the beautiful city of Holden arrived in Rich Hill. Beginning his career here as a knight of the tonsorial art, he wielded the shears, the razor and the lather-brush with varied success, but finally concluded to go up higher. He was accordingly promoted—and a portion of his time at least he occupied the second floor. He became the trusted porter of the Talmage House—and his name was (not) Dennis. It was Ernest Lewis.

Not many moons since a rather pretty young lady with good clothes and abundant assurance arrived in Rich Hill, and announced herself as a skillful and accomplished pianist from Carthage, Mo., volunteering at the same time to give instructions either on piano or organ. Together with her mother—and perhaps there were minor members of the family—she lived in rented rooms over the grocery store of A. J. Peters. The name of this young lady was Miss Birdie Degarmo.

Time passed on, as time usually does, and Ernest began to cast longing glances at Miss Birdie—and we do not blame him. His glances were returned, and a youthful friendship followed. This friendship, as a matter of course, succumbed ere long to something stronger, and yesterday noon, while all else was chill and somber, the love of these two young hearts glowed warm, and bright and radiant—so much so in fact that Ernest and his Birdie could no longer restrain themselves, but felt that the time for the happy culmination of their two hearts' fondest desire had arrived at its fullest fruition. Accordingly they took the 11:30 Gulf train for Pleasanton. [This was a ruse, no doubt, to throw pursuers off the track.] At Pleasanton they embarked on the Emporia line for Butler, and there they had just taken the train for Holden, when they were overhauled by an officer. It seems the girl's mother had suspected something amiss, and by some means ascertained the programme of the eloping couple. She therefore put W. H. Rumans on their track who speedily overhauled them by going up to Butler on the 7:30 train and returning with his prey on the 9:45 train.

On arriving at the depot, the fond couple were escorted into the ladies' waiting room, where the enraged mother was in waiting for her truant daughter and her would-be son. No sooner had the interview begun between them, however, till the young man's intended mother-in-law pounced upon him like a hungry tigress upon a sacred calf, and the boys who stood at the window say she would have done the young man up without gloves in less time than it took Zolzie Davis to "knock out" Will Tabler a little earlier in the day with the highly padded mittens, had not Officer Rumans called "time" on her. The set-to, however, seems to have had the desired effect, as shortly after, the old lady convinced the young people that it would be of mutual interest for them to submit to her superior judgment, and amid the mirth of the multitude, marched them off to her rooms, where all got along together some way until the "wee sma' hours" this morning when we learn the aspiring son and his bride were fired bodily from the rear of the rooms. Since then we learn of no definite developments, except that Madame Degarmo, the mother of the little heroine,

is packing up her duds and things, preparatory to making a move for other fields and pastures new. We wish all parties better success hereafter.

Salt Struck in Hutchinson, Kan.

Hutchinson, Kan., October 13.—While sinking an experimental well in South Hutchinson, at the depth of 470 feet a deposit of rock salt was struck, which, for thickness of the principal vein and purity of the product, may be classed among the richest mines in the world. A number of veins were drilled through, varying in thickness from 7 to 40 feet, separated by thin strata of shale. At a depth of 665 feet a vein was struck which has been penetrated to a depth of 95 feet, and the drill is not yet through. An official analysis of the product shows it to be over 96 per cent pure and absolutely free from the principal impurities which make rock salt unfit for domestic purposes. The find has created considerable excitement here. The deposit is to be developed.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

A Fire in a Lodging House Cre-
ates Consternation Among
the Hundred Guests.

Kansas City, Oct. 13.—A fire broke out in the top story of the Palace Lodging House, a four-story brick building at Fourth and Main streets, about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. Not a great deal of damage was done to the building, but William Dwyer, who was sleeping in the fourth story, had a very narrow escape from death.

The first known of the fire was when the flames burst out of the windows on Fourth street next to Dwyer's room. A large crowd gathered in a few seconds and was horrified when a young man rushed to the window and made signs that his escape from the rear was cut off. He came to the window a half dozen times, and rushed back, looking all the time about half distracted with fear. The smoke was pouring out of the window out of which he leaned as if calculating a jump. The building is a tall one and no ladders tall enough to reach to him could be found. The Fire Department was late in getting to the scene and the crowd was beginning to get desperate when the young man was seen to throw a rope out of the window. A shout went up from the crowd, but hopes were dashed again when it was seen that the rope barely reached to the third story window.

"Wait for the hook and ladder," cried part of the crowd.

"Climb down to the next window," advised another portion. The young man in the meantime, looked too much frightened to do anything. His scared look as he glanced out of the window and saw the distance he might fall could be readily seen even through the cloud of smoke which surrounded him. Again and again, half suffocated, he leaned for out of the window, only to be driven back by fear of the fall. All this time the crowd kept calling to him to "come down the rope." At length some man opened the window, under Dwyer's room and called to him to come down. He got out of the window, climbed down the rope, and a shout of relief went up from the crowd as he was drawn into the lower window.

Dwyer said that his escape was a very narrow one. When he awakened his room was filled with smoke, and he was almost insensible from suffocation. He groped his way to the window and threw it up. He managed next to find a pair of pants and then started to go down stairs. He was horrified to find his way cut off. He rushed back to his window and looked out, but saw no hope in that direction. He had very near given up when he thought of the rope. He again groped around in the blinding smoke, found it, and threw it out, expecting it to reach to the ground. He hesitated about coming down, when he saw that the rope only reached to the story below him. He only came out when he had to, and the only thing he saved was a pair of pantaloons and his shirt. He was barefooted and bareheaded.

Tim Sullivan, a fireman, was pretty badly cut on the top of the head by some falling glass. He was in the fourth story and was hit by a falling sky glass, a piece of which entered the skull. He was taken over to the police station and had his head dressed by Dr. Wood.

The building is owned by Hall and Hengen, and is damaged to the extent of about \$500.

BENEATH THE WAVES.

Drowned in the Kaw River—Se-
rious Accident—Sent to
the Pen.

Kansas City, Oct. 13.—As Frank Becker and Charley Brown were guiding a sand scow down the Kaw river at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, it collided with the piling being driven for the Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern bridge. Brown was thrown overboard and drowned, the current being too swift for Becker to make any effort to save him. Search is being made for the body. Brown came from Moberly, Mo., and was employed by Becker only one week ago. He was single and about 21 years of age.

AN ARCH FALLS INJURING TWO MEN.

John Callahan an J. T. Green, employed by the telephone company as line repairers, were making some decorations on the arch at the corner of Sixth and Main streets about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the arch broke and precipitated them both to the ground. Both were badly bruised and a deep gash was cut over Callahan's right eye. A large piece of the arch fell on Green and it is feared he is internally injured. He was taken to his home on Gillis street near Fifth.

The arch will not be re-erected.

BILLINGSLEY WILL NOT SHOOT AGAIN SOON. William Billingsley, who shot at Charles M. Clark through the window of his residence, near Twenty-fourth street and Highland avenue, August 1, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary by Judge White.

MILK COMBINE.

A Scheme to Keep the Price of
Milk Up Among the Pro-
ducers at Chicago.No Lowering of Price in Case of
Over-production—Joint
Stock Company.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—[Special.]—Representative farmers of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin are in session here to-day, to decide upon the advisability of establishing a great trust company to regulate the sale and price of milk. They contend that if the coal dealers can combine, those interested in the production of so staple and indispensable an article of food as milk might readily come to an understanding to enhance the price of the lactical fluid for the coming winter, at all events.

AS AN EXPERIMENT,

although they might meet with serious competition by the milk condensers. The Chicago market uses 10,000 cans of milk per day. Of these 7,000 are supplied by members of the Milk Shippers' union. The Central union has been in existence for years, its main object being to establish a uniform rate for Chicago dealers. The union did not work very satisfactorily, because it could not effectually control the smaller farmers, who undersold those in the union. The union accordingly agreed to establish a

JOINT STOCK COMPANY

to-day, giving all those interested a chance to subscribe to the capital stock, which is put at \$100,000 to begin with, so that the underselling might be put a stop to. If the overproduction of milk is excessive, instead of lowering the prices, it will be converted into butter or cheese. The past summer, it is said, has been a hard one on the milk producers, as the weather has been unusually dry, and there has been

A SCANT SUPPLY

of milk producing feed for cattle. There are nearly 3,000 or 4,000 milk dealers in Chicago, and it is feared that if the milk suppliers in the tri-state union can enhance the price, as it is believed they will decide upon doing to-day or to-morrow, the milk vended in Chicago will be much poorer in quality than ever.

PASTE AND SCISSORS.

There are two or three weddings on the tapis on the east side.—Rich Hill Herald.

The Goddess of Liberty should discard some of her stays, especially such as have been used in the Jake Sharp case.—Post-Dispatch.

The watch trade is unprecedentedly active. All factories are away behind on orders, and the prospects are that the coming holidays will bring the largest trade ever enjoyed.—Age of Steel.

Mr. Cleveland's renomination will be dictated by the people, and that in this instance the party machine will find itself compelled to record the popular will.—Jeff. City Tribune.

Nina Van Zandt is furious with August Spies for writing to another girl; but this extra sweetheart will not stand in the way when it comes to tying the knot.—Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself everybody, he generally thinks everybody else is nobody.—Nevasota (Tex.) Tablet.

One of the most interesting sights beheld in the city during the Cleveland reception was Walker and Emons Blaine fighting their way through the surging crowd to grasp the President cordially by the hand.—Chicago Times.

Boss Buckley, of San Francisco, who is suspected of jury bribery, is blind. Heretofore it has been generally supposed that in such cases Justice was about the only party affected with the loss of eyesight.—N. Y. Evening World.

The widow of Garland A. Mann has secured a pension since his death which he vainly tried to get during his life. It amounts to \$1,300 and will be a great relief to the widow who was in very straitened circumstances.—Springfield Herald.

The next session of the sobranje will be strongly in favor of Prince Ferdinand. In the election just held in Bulgaria the government has in its favor 250 members, while the opposition only has 40. If the outside powers will "keep hands off" the Prince can reign and rule in security.—Kansas City Star.

A new process has been discovered by which the most delicate patterns, even of lace work, can be reproduced in iron by casting the metal on the fabric after the fabric has been carbonized. Molten iron can be run on the most delicate fiber in the carbon-

ized state without injuring or affecting it.—N. Y. Sun.

State Treasurer J. M. Seibert has declared himself. Under the reading of the constitution he cannot be a candidate for re-election to his present office. He has consequently decided to make the race for the state auditorship. The investigation of Auditor Walker's official conduct by the legislature last winter has shelled that official, politically speaking.—Post-Dispatch.

Nellie Brown, the mysterious girl who was sent to an asylum for the insane in New York City, and whose identity was the subject of much speculation, turns out to have been an adventurer in a new line. She was sane and had herself committed in order to study life in a mad-house and to write up her adventures. Girls are becoming progressive and aggressive in these days.—Troy (N. Y.) Press.

In a dry country like Persia, where not a drop of rain is seen for seven months in the year, the ornamental reservoirs and their conduits are very much appreciated. Given running water and your Persian, as a rule, sits down to admire it and smoke the pipe of contemplation by the side of the murmuring streamlet. Even the Persian pipe itself, the kalia of hubble-bubble, is doubly grateful to the eastern mind by reason of the bubbling of the water contained in it.—St. James Gazette.

Does Senator Gorman, of Maryland, recall the days when he was first baseman for the National Baseball Club of the District of Columbia? He cannot have forgotten them, and if he is a true philosopher a comparison of those good old times with the "perfectly awful times" he is having now must make him feel that the man who exchanges the diamond field for the path of political distinction relinquishes the substance of glory for its shadow and incurs perils that more than counterbalance the gratifications of ambition.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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